THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE

Inauguration of the Great Boston Panjandrum.

THE FOREIGN BANDS.

Mayor Gaston Receives the English and German Musicians.

GENERAL BANKS' OPENING ORATION.

A Medley of Music and Political Insinuations.

THE FIRST DAY'S SLIM ATTENDANCE.

Ten Thousand Outside and Seven Thousand Inside the Coliseum.

UNFAVORABLE CONTRAST.

Twenty-one Thousand Vocalists and Instrumentalists to Amuse One-Third Their Number.

THE PROGRAMME.

A Great Crash of Instruments-Much Noise, but Little Harmony.

THE ANVIL CHORUS MONSTROSITY.

Anvils, Cannon, Bells, Platters and Brass.

Boston, June 17, 1872. The World's Peace Jubilee, that great international and universal musical event which Gilmore conceived and commenced a year or more ago, was inaugurated here in Boston to-day. Nothing like it was ever before attempted except by this same irrepressible Gilmore, whose name is identified with the great jubilee here in 1869, in honor of the dawn of peace after years of strife and war. That event was an unexpected success and an occasion without a parallel in the musical history of the world. The great international festival inaugurated to-day on a broader and more comprehensive basis has been begun, like its prede ssor, under auspices neither encouraging nor flattering, so far as the attendance and popular enthusiasm of the people is concerned. Three weeks or more intervene, however, before the great entertainment for all nations is ended. and the managers are hopeful that the millions whom they have so generously prepared for will avail themselves of the privilege of indulging in what may in all sincerity be termed the greates musical festival the world has ever realized. The magnitude of the affair in all its details has been frequently and liberally commented upon, and the public only await the details of its success or failure as it pro gresses from day to day. The story of the nammoth Coliseum, with accommodations for an orchestra of 1,000, a chorus of 20,000 and an auditorium for 25,000 spectators; how Gilmore went across the ocean and secured the services of English, French, Prussian, Austrian and Irish brated Strauss from Vienna; how he gathered the leading and representative men of the world to come and participate-all this has been published to the world time and time again. At this time, when the great event has but fairly commenced, it is hardly reasonable to predict its triumphant success or lamentable failure. The occasion itself is a rare one, with few if any faults, and a boast of all nations; but whether or not it will arouse the enthusiasm and draw the masses of

Mayor Gaston undertook to receive the British Grenadiers and Kaiser Wilhelm's band, which he accomplished courteously, and spoke in each instance to the point as the following will show :-

humanity originally predicted is a matter of grave

stance to the point as the following will show:—

WELCOME TO THE GERMANS.

"MR. LARO AND GENTLEMEN OF THE KAIZER GRANZ.
GRENADIER BAND:—It is with a great deal of pleasure that I welcome you as representatives of our great tountry to Boston, and I t hank you for the honor you have conferred in visiting us on this occasion to participate in the World's Musical Peace Festival."

CONDUCTOR LARO'S RESPONSE.

"I thank Your Honor for the hearty compliment which you have bestowed upon us, and for the handsome reception we have met with. We have with pleasure followed the call to this country and to the peace festival. Though we have come clad in the garb of war yet we come with feelings of peace and friendship in our hearts, and beg leave to assure this city and country that we are well pleased with the happy inauguration of this joyful occasion."

WELCOWING THE CEPNANTER CHAPPS Mayor Gaston, in welcoming the British band,

"BANDMASTER GODFREY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS BAND—In the name and on behalf of the city of Boston and its people I greet you. We desire to express to you the welcome due to the great nation from which you come, and our hope that your stay among us may be mutually agreeable and satisfactory."

MR. DAN GODFREY'S REPLY. To which Bandmaster Godfrey responded:-

To which Bandmaster Godivey responded:—
"Your Honor, on behalf of my associates and in
the name of our mother country, to which you
have so kindly alluded, I desire to thank you for the
kind reception we have received, and, in the same
spirit of cordiality and amity which has characterized your remarks, to express our pleasure at
being present, and our wishes for the success of the
great international Musical Festival which we have
come hither to participate in."

OPENING UNDER PAVORABLE AUSPICES.

The opening day was well chosen, for on the 17th of every June Massachusetts indulges in a little frolicsome celebration over the affair of Bunker Hill. The jubilee, therefore, had the benefit of the patriotism and inspiration of this anniversary, as well as the presence of its usual participants to was unexceptionable, clear, cool and balmy, and every element of nature seemed to smile approv. ingly on the great musical event of the ninteenth century. The city was full of people, literally full at sunrise, and all the trains of the forenoon came in heavily loaded, swelling the crowd numbers much beyond what was anticipated by the most sanguine and enthusiastic. These vast crowds, however, did not wind their way to the Coliseum and Jubilee in such vast numbers as was expected. The horse cars were not uncomfortably crowded, neither were the thoroughfares leading to the scene of the great fes-

COMPARING THE PRESENT WITH THE '60 JUBILEE. Outside there was exhibited a vast difference between the Jubilee of 1869 and the World's Peace Festival of 1872. Scarcely ten thousand lookers-on composed the crowd which hovered about the outskirts of the building to-day, and that ten thousand was almost altogether composed of people who were suffering from impecuniosity to such a degree as to render them incapable of liquidating the inevitable demands of the doorkeepers. Another great difference between the two jubilees also brought into juxtaposition is the mat-

ter of enthusiasm. All the bells in Boston chimed with the gratulations of the populace in 1869; but now, three years later, there are few who look, outside the "almighty dollar." There were few Bostonians present at the concert to-day. The crowd generally was composed of people from the rural districts and from abroad, and were as appreciative as a crowd of that character could possibly become. Strangers as they are, however, there was a general good feeling prevailing among them, which tended to render disturbances a matter of great rarity. It was a good-humored crowd, albeit it was a comparatively small one. There were not sufficient people to render jostling a necessity, and there were too many to get up a big row. Hence there was a season of quietness and good order. Inside the Coliseum there was a similar presentation of quietness. The assemblage applauded dec-orously and in the right time, and there was no

A GREAT DEAL OF PUN was witnessed in the side shows of the affair. The big drum which was recently paraded through Boston streets as a grand advertisement for the Jubilee, after having fulfilled its purpose, has been hung at the foot of the building, behind the rear gallery, and now "looms up big" as a matter of ornament. Its practicable use is for nothing else, and there it rests, subject of the comment of everybody. Then, too, the efforts of foreign importations to speak English, and of native-born Americans to make themselves understood, has been provocative of a great deal of mirth. A number of amusing blunders of this character were noticed to-day.

THE AUDIENCE INSIDE. Three o'clock was the hour for the exercises to commence. At this hour perhaps six or seven thousand formed the audience, while the performers who entertained them numbered a good ound 20,000. The contrast was conspicuous to all, ridiculous to a good many, and probably painful to the projector, as well as who guaranteed the expenses if the affair should prove a financial failure. The Grenadier Guards' Band, Great Britain's representative was among the crowd that created spontaneous enthusiasm when they entered, as did also the Prussian band, which came in a few moments later. Aside from these little incidents, however, there was no enthusiasm of a preliminary nature: all was reserved for the approbation of the meritorious feature of the afternoon's performance and the merits of the respective artists.

OPENING PROCEEDINGS. Before the exercises proper, the divine blessing was invoked by Parson Phillips Brooks. Probably his prayer was sultable to the occasion and eloquently fervent, but a positive assertion to this effect must come from the source to which it was addressed. The confusion in the Coliseum was so great at the time that scarcely a word could be heard; the same may be said of the address of welcome which Mayor Gaston delivered. Only the stentorian tones of General Banks, when he commenced his inaugural oration, actually attracted the attention of the audience. Only stray passages of even his remarks were distinctly heard at the extreme end of the Collseum, but when he had finished everybody applauded, for some reason or other; it might een on account of rejoicing at his conclusion or it might have been in conscientious approval of these very feeling words which he uttered.

GENERAL BANKS' ADDRESS. The following is the address made by the General

o which I have referred:to which I have referred:—

Amid the complications of diplomatic and political controversy, the struggles for bread, the aspirations for wealth and the contests for power which agitate and disturb the world, we consecrate this temple to the spirit of universal harmony—(applause)—and the occasion to the promotion of peace and good will among all nations and all people. (Applause, There is no race, no government, no interest of the human family that does not share our sympathy and is not remembered in our supplications. Our fraternal regard embraces all to whom "the Sire Omnipresent" unfolds the world's harmonious volume, there to read this transcript of himself. ume, there to read this transcript of himself "Honored by the patronage of the President of the "Honored by the patronage of the President of the republic and of prominent executive, legislative and judical officers; by the presence of the principal diplomatic representatives of Europe and America; by ambassadors from one of the great empires of the East so recently opened to commerce, civilization and Christianity; assisted by illustrious artists of the highest genius and renown from every land of music and of song, and surrounded by so many thousands in whose name I speak, we may well rejoice at the auspicious inauguration of our enterprise and welcome its results as an honorable contribution to the peace of nations and the brotherhood of man. (Applause.) Welcome to all who are with us! Gratifude to those from whom and in whose name they come!

TO THE AUGUST SOVEREIGNS AND REPUBLICAN

all who are with us! Graifude to those from whom and in whose name they come!

TO THE AUGUST SOVEREIGNS AND REPUBLICAN RULERS
of Europe especially we owe grateful thanks for the co-operation of their most esteemed artists, whose genius sheds lustre upon the brilliant courts and cities of the Old World, with this democratic assembly of the new for the promotion of art and the perpetuation of peace. Every song of praise that here peals from nations rather than from choirs will ascend freighted with good wishes for the prosperity, harmony and happiness of the human family. The day is an honored anniversary in American history. This day (1775) our fathers, on the neighboring hills that command this beautiful and patriotic city, stood for independence. (Applause.) We do not associate with this event thoughts of contest or carnage. It suggests no ideas of rivalry, of enmity nor of revenge. It marks an epoch when two great nations by different courses achieved unexampled success. The cider and greater withdrew from the control of a distant continent, and concentrating on her own shores her great resources became the arbiter of Europe and the mistress of the seas. The younger, her daughter, entered upon new and untried paths, gave unrestricted liberty to her people, and by freedom of thought and unconquerable energy attained in these generations a position among nations which older governments had reached after as many centuries. It was peaceful separation which gave them prosperity. So wise and successful an example ought to be observed and limitated, perhaps, by other governments in our own day. These nations being enemies might destroy each other, but united their influence in any just cause would be resistless. Of one origin, one race, one language, one civilization, one religion and apparently one destiny, they owe it to each other and to mankind to avoid immaterial dissensions, and lead the world to a general and lasting peace. This anniversary has yet another memorable distinction. It marks the ratification of t

other less important purposes to give the world the first grand practical ILLUSTRATION OF PEACEFUL INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION as a substitute for fratricide and bloody war. It is immaterial, it is utterly inconsequential, that this immaterial, it is utterly inconsequential, that this august international policy is yet unexecuted. It was scarcely to be anticipated that a conception so wise, so elevated and so movel could at once circumvent and baffle the traditions and specious arts of diplomacy. It is not impossible that its complete success will demand its submission to the wiser, simpler and more direct negotiation of the people. That would be a triumph of itself. This anniversary marks not the termination but the opening of the contest for American liberty. It is the commencement of great events that constitute the memorable epochs of human history. It is thus with this effort to substitute peaceful international arbitration for fratricidal and bloody war. Suspended, not inanimate, deferred, not defeated, this sublime principle upon which we predicate the future peace of Christian nations will not perish. The great triumph for which humanity has suffered, justice pleaded, philosophy and Christianity supplicated will yet be realized. It embraces ideas for which men might well have died and nations have been sacrified in battle. Let us give thanks to God for His beginning and mark with appropriate and fresh honors the hallowed anniversary upon which it occurs. It would be unjust to consider this anniversary as a mere exhibition of startling artistic effects by an unusual combination of voices and instruments. It has other and higher uses. We need not scan too closely nor criticise harshiy methods or style. Every school has its master and its partisans. Familiarity reconciles us in all pursuits of life to ideas at first deemed inadmissible. The music of one generation is inefficient for another, and the harmonies of the future, if we could anticipate them, might be to us incomprehensible and ansatisfactory.

GRE

GREAT MASTERS DISREGARD RECEIVED IDEAS and seek the development of new thoughts by novel methods. We cannot ourselves fix the standard of genius. Success alone does that, and success depends on fidelity to nature, justice, truth and beauty. There is no triumph without it. The rulers of the world are subjects of this immutable and immaculate law. We come to attest the fact that there is nothing in animate or inaminate nature from which, with the requisite art, genius may not distil the notes that constitute the grand harmonies of the soul. If from the shouts of savages, repeated and varied with unceasing change of incident and object, the harmonious and expressive languages of the human race have been modulated and perfected, we may assume with re-

scores of this divine art. In one of the majestic oratorios of Haydn, whose inspired compositions were at first received in England as the rhapsodies of a madman, he imitated the appalling reverberations caused by the fall of rocks from cavern to cavern in the mountain chasms of Derbyshire. It is scarcely possible for us to discover by any analysis in our power in what manner melody and harmony impress and induence the human heart. It is not left us to determine

By what mysterious fabric of the mind The deep-lelt joys and harmony of sound Result from airy motion.

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The deep-iell joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion.

To comprehend music it is not always requisite
that it should be heard. Poets become blind;
musicians deaf. Homer and Milton had inward
poetic visions of outward beauty which light and
sight never gave to man. Beethoven, the greatest
of modern masters, unable, from defective hearing,
to conduct an opera, could sketch a landscape
never attempted in sounds before, as perfect
as those of Bierstadt, with life and beauty. Color
could not give the hum of insects.

Songs OF BIRDS, TINKLING RILLS
and murmur of running brooks in music sweeter
than their own. The grand harmonies of the last
and greatest of his works never entered the portals
of his ear; an impenetrable deafness deprived him
of the pleasure of listening to that
grand composition, to which he said he
had given his most exatted thoughts.
Its wild melodies and inspired harmonies revealed
themselves unaided by the organs of sound to his
imagination and soul. This Convention will stimulate the cuiture of music in America more than a
generation of individual effort. It is to this study
what the railway is to travel, the telegraph
to communication, and the steamship
to communication, and the steamship
to communication, and the steamship
to commerce. It is as essential to the
proper direction and elevation of public
taste as the caucus or convention to popular government; it economizes time, concentrates masses
of people, discloses the best methods of
progress in different communities and nations,
enlists attention, excites enthusiasm, stimulates ambition, encourages exertion and
study, and suggests preparation for similar
convocations in our own or other parts of the
world. It familiarizes to vast multitudes the master works of genius, and renders to them, with a
power seldom equaliled, the inimitable gems of artembodied in national anthems, or the songs
of the people which fire the blood winetensults? The study of music is of the highest
national

or their shouls of joy at the patriotic song in recognition of their patriotic song in recognition of their own beautiful and thrilling success can ever forget own beautiful and thrilling success can ever forget

or their shouts of joy at the close of each patriotic song in recognition of their own beautiful and thrilling success can ever forget the scene or efface the impression it lett upon the public mind. Among the army of conquerors, and of the lesser but nobler company of pacificators, the name of Gilmore—(applause)—then as now the inspiring genuis of the occasion should be and will be forever remembered. This memorable convocation of illustrious artists and generous devotees of music ought not to vanish at the close of its sessions as the pageant of a dream, leaving no record and no result of its genius and labor. (Applause.) May it not be anticipated as its necessary sequence that the enlightened cities and States of our country will accord an opportunity to the young, at least, by permanent and competent institutions and generous rewards for progress and excellence to develop whatever of grace and capacity they may possess for that high art which is here to be presented in its noblest productions and grandest form? No country is more affluent in untaught and NATURAL MELONY than our own. We can observe traces of what is well called American minstrelsy in the most popular and brilliant productions of the age. Melody is the soul of music, as imagination is of poetry. It is upon this foundation that the classic schools are based. The harmonies of the great masters would be incomprehensible and unsatisfactory without the motive or theme which melody inspires. Our products are, indeed, rude, but the masses and the lower orders of them that it most abounds. Age ripens art. Jenny Lind sang for every peasant boy and girl whose voices had echoed in the mountaing of Sweden for a thousand years. The pacioninant characteristic of Americans is universal capacity—a rude and undeveloped ability for everything. This in itself is no advantage. But may it not, ought it not to become the day when this work shall begin. In a century America will be the grand central point of the fine arts. All nationalities are here placed on a lev essential to peace and power. May this ancient and honored anniversary, already identified with national independence and universal peace, crown the chaplet of its renown as the era of peace for all

A GRAND SPECTACLE. At three o'clock all were in their seats, and the eye of the spectator dwelt upon a spectacle such as one may perhaps witness but once in a life-time. From the front of the stage to the extreme back, occupying a space of more than two-fifths the entire building, was a dense crowd of singers and instrumentalists, a sea of heads rising in rippling waves one over the in the distance beyond and around the monster organ. The coup &wil from the extreme end of the organ. The coup d'æil from the extreme end of the gallery fronting the stage, the best place in the building, as far as acoustle properties are concerned, was magnificent, marred only by the host of empty seats all around the auditorium. The roof, with its gay banners, many hued devices and streaming bunting; the huge pipes of the organ rising above the heads of the chorus like stately trees in the Yosemite Valley; the far spreading circle of the orchestra, in which sat one thousand instrumentalists, and the murmur of voices like the distant surf on the beach, were all calculated to raise expectation and enthusiasm to the highest plich.

GILMORE'S RECEPTION.

calculated to raise expectation and enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

GILMORE'S RECRITION.

Therefore it was not to be wondered at that Gilmore's first appearance at toe conductor's stand should be the signal for a perfect tempest of applause. For some minutes he could only bow his acknowledgments and smile benignantly on his enthusiastic admirers.

THE GLORIOUS OLD HUNDREDTH.

There was a hush, and the organ pealed forth the "Old Hundredth," that imperishable melody which will last while a spark of religious sentiment burns in the human breast. The rising of the chorus added a new feature of interest to the scene. It was like human billows undulating at the wave of a magician's wand. Twenty thousand voices and one thousand instruments then took up the glorious old hymn, and its solemn cadences never were rendered with more grandeur and majesty. Yet the audience looked upon it solely in the light of a mere introduction, and even the "Rienzi" overture, which followed, did not excite any special enthusiasm. Carl Zerrahn made his appearance at the conductor's stand for the overture of Wagner, and was also received with signs of marked favor. The orchestra did not appear to advantage in this work; strange to say, that most uncertain element, the brass, was the most satisfactory.

THE OPENING TRUMPET CALL.

and the noble, majestic movement that followed

appear to advantage in this work; strange to say, that most uncertain element, the brass, was the most satisfactory.

THE OPENING TRUMPET CALL
and the noble, majestic movement that followed was weak and unsatisfactory in the rendering. It could not compare with the performance of the same at Central Park Garden. The contra basses and celli were either badly placed or so few in number as to be almost inauble in some of the most important phrases. Yet small as was the body of the tone the ensemble was really good. Zerrahn is not a conductor calculated to inspire his men with confidence and enthustasm, and that may account for the spiritless manner in which the overture was played. In one part of the work occurs a long tremolo for the violins, and the effect with such a vast number of strings was indescribably beautiful.

COSTA'S "DAMASCUS."

Then followed one of the gems, if not the most brilliant one of the entire concert. This was the grand triumphal march and chorus called "Damascus," from Sir Michael Costa's oratario, "Naaman." It has a grandeur and simplicity about it, and the chorus and orchestra came out in strong relief at times in dialogue form, and again in one exultant outburst. Special pains seem to have been taken in the rehearsals of this noble work, for it was rendered with due expression and spirit.

A PIANO SOLO.

In the rehearsals of this noble work, for it was rendered with due expression and spirit.

A PIANO SOLO.

The next number on the programme was a piane solo, Liszt's transcription of the skating builet, from the "Prophete," played by Franz Bendel, a Berlin artist. This was a disastrous failure, not on the artist's side, for there is every reason to think that, under other circumstances, he would have gained deserved laurels, but the piano was one of those instruments that are neither fish nor fiesh, a sort of stringed and keyed monstrosity with harsh metallic tones that afflict the ear in a most lutolerable manner. The consequence was that Liszt's dashing work was an unmeaning jumble, and the unfortunate German meaning jumble, and the unfortunate German planist retired overwhelmed with confusion. Yan-kee notions embrace a good many articles, but in

the piano line they are nulsances.

RUDERSDORFF IN ROSSINI'S "FLAMMATUS."

Passing over Mendelssohn's unaccompanied : Passing over Mendelssohn's unaccompanied reart song, "Farewell to the Forest," which was

ceived with indifference, we next came to a very interesting feature—the "Inflammatis" of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," in which the well known London prima donna, Mine. Rudersdorff, took part. She acquitted herself much better than any one could expect, and, considering the long time she has been on the artistic stage, it is really wonderful how well her voice is preserved. Without the roundness or freshness of Parepa-Rosa's voice Mine. Rudersdorff has all the experience and instincts of an artist of the very first order, and she manages to smooth down or hide many of the angularities of a voice that has stood art bravely forough an unusually long artistic career.

"HIE FIRST ENCORE
was awarded to the celebrated "PEstelle," from "Lucla," sung by what was called the bouquet of artists, consisting of sixty prominent operatic singers. The rendering of the immortal concerted piece was spiendid, and, although the principle of singing operatic ensembles in this manner cannot be commended, yet the result in this instance was very successful.

mended, yet the result in this instance was very successful.

SECOND PART—THE ANVIL CHORUS.

The United States Marine Band, from Washington, commenced the second part of the programme with a pot pourr! of English and American airs. They were under the direction of Mr. Henry Fries, and received the honor of an encore.

Next followed the sensational pieces of the last jublice—the "Anvil Chorus" and "Star Spangled Banner," which were rendered as before, without any marked difference or improvement in the performance. The cannons roared, the anvils clauged, the bells rang, or were supposed to ring, and in line there was plenty of harmonious noise.

AN OVATION TO STRAUSS.

The sensation of the occasion culminated when the handsome face of Johann Strauss appeared at the conductor's stand, and chorus, orchestra and audience seemed for the moment to have lost their senses. Thousands of tiny pocket handserchiefs furtered like show fakes in the surging crowd, and the cheers were absolutely deafening. The waitz of all waitzes,

"THE EEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUER"

was given with a dash, spirit and brilliancy that one would not look for un a huge orchestra like

or all waitzes,

"THE PEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE"

was given with a dash, spirit and brilliancy that one would not look for in a huge orchestra like that of the Jubilee. There is a magnetism about Strauss that is Irresistible. A critic might at first object to the theatrical claptrap of his mercurial gestures and Julien-like action as conductor—now playing a few measures on his violin, then whirling his arms above his head, bowing, gesticulating and at times acting like one of the Vokes family; but he held the orchestra firmly up to their work, and got more sound music out of them than any other leader in America probably could do, and made the waitz one of the most interesting features of the concert.

made the waitz one of the most interesting features of the cencert.

The last two pleces were the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and chorus from J. K. Paine's unpublished oratorio, "St. Peter." The last mentioned is insipid and uninteresting, and if the rest of the oratorio is like this chorus the best thing Mr. Paine can do is to keep the whole work out of the hands of a publisher. The rays of the setting sun, toward the end of the concert, threw a rich glow over the brilliant scene. liant scene. To-morrow (Tuesday) is to be devoted to England,

traction. It is to be hoped that the auditorium will present a less beggarly array of empty benches than at the opening of the World's Peace Jubilee of 1872. To-night Boston is gay and festive. Thousands of strangers are in the city, and theatres and all other places of public resort are crowded to their utmost capacity. The members of the German, French and English bands are the guests of their countrymen resident here, and are being hospitably and agree-

ably entertained.

THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW

is as dead a letter as ever, and cooling beverages are the general rule rather than the exception, but still the city is quiet. The spigots of thousands of lager beer casks are loose, and even within the precincts of the Coliseum itself the refreshing fluid flows freely and the measures of "Die Wacht am Rhein" mingle with the "Marseilalse," "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle." Who will say that this is not a peace jubilee?

AMUSEMENTS.

Watts Phillips' drama, entitled "On the Jury,"

Wallack's-"On the Jury."

which ran so successfully in London last season, was presented to an American audience for the first time last evening. Its plot will not bear a very close analysis, and the author himself would not, perhaps, deny that he has often sacrified probability to the exigencies of a "striking tableau." The story turns upon the misfortune of Mr. Tibbits, a clerk in a bank, whe is convicted, on circumstantial evidence, of having embezzled the funds of his employers. The son of one of the partners of the firm is the real culprit; but he has not the moral courage to step forward and save the innocent victim of his misconduct. Tibbits' wife dies, and, having in some way gained his freedom, he sends his little daughter to a fashionable boarding school under an assumed name, where she remains in to norance of her paternity, until she is old enough for the brother of a fellow pupil to fall in love with her, or, rather, for them to fall in love together. At this point the drama begins. The father of her lover (Mr. Sanderson) has discovered the passion of the family and fortune of the young lady were reasonably good. Tibbits, however, has at this time met with some pecuniary reverses (of what character the piece says nothing), and not being able to pay his daughter's schooling tells her that character the piece says nothing), and not being able to pay his daughter's schooling tells her that he is her father an ! that he is ruined. Immediately afterwards Mr. Sanderson enters the room, and, having been on the jury that convicted Tibbits, recognizes him as a quondam felon, and of course determines to break off the match at all hazards. The end of the story may be guessed. After all sorts of distressing "situations" which admirably sustain the interest of the audience, whatever may be their intrinsic improbability, the guilty man, who is, of course, an infimate friend of Mr. Sanderson, confesses his crime and frees Tibbits from the burden of an undeserved infamy. Then the lovers are put on the high road to matrimony, and everybody gusines forth his or her entire and absolute happiness; and the curtain falls for the last time. It may be said in behalf of this piece that, contrary to the established practice of sensation playwrights, it is illustrated with a well written and at times a singularly brilliant and effective dialogue. The scenery is good throughout, and the grand tableau in the third act, where a row-boat, containing the heroine and an absurdly incompetent boatman, is run down by a carciess bully in the shape of a "Citzen" steamboat, brought down the house, and deservedly, in the wildest raptures of applause. In the cast Mr. Brougham naturally holds the most conspicuous place. His Dexter Sanderson is an admirable representation of the successful merchant, who talks business and common sense and acts sentiment at the slightest provocation. Mr. Stoddart is an admirable Professor Schmidt, but the part scarcely gives him as good an opportunity as he deserves. Mr. Fisher's Tibbits is as pathetic and singularly realistic a piece of actifig as Mr. Ringgold's Robert Sanderson is lifeless and tame, Among the ladies there were three debutantes at Wallack's—Miss Ella Burns, Miss Frankie McLellan and Miss Carrie Martin—and, though a little nervous, they all did remarkably well. Miss Effle Germon made a v

Rowery Theatre-"The Swamp Angels." Down in the brush and sand and swamp of the state of North Carolina a family have made themsrives known to the civilized world-a family o bandits and outlaws and murderers-the "Lowers Gang," whose fame or infamy bids fair to make the rounds of the globe wherever the English language is spoken. This family of half-breed Indian and mulatto blood, bred up in the torchlight of our terrible civil war, and who were cradled in crime and nourished in violence and treachery, have had their story told in the columns of this journal by means of its daring correspondent, who penetrated the recesses and nesses of their swampy retreats in order that their deeds might be boldly held up to execration for the information of the people of the United States. From the scattered chapters in the lives of those

ad but brave and revengeful men, and from the dashing yet dangerous and thrilling adventures of the HERALD correspondent while following up these men, and during his imprisonment by them, Mr. Charles Foster, a playwrght of well known celebrity, has woven a four act melodrama before which the "Corsican Brothers" or "Six Degrees of Crime" must pale the splendors of their, ineffectual fires. For three full hours—which seem only as so many minutes—while the eyes and ears of the spectator are feasting on the ensemble of this truly terrific drama, his mind is kept up to an intensity of stretch that is really astonishing. Perhaps for fifteen years no previous play put on the Bowery stage has been produced with as much effect as this of the "Swamp Angels." If action be the soul of the stage and the life of a drama, why then we have here enough to satisfy the most ravenous and greedy nature. There are rifle shots, musketry rolls, battle smoke, devoted love, assassinations, HERALD energy and enterprise, with a delicate soupçon of treachery and low comedy in every act. The gods on the stage and the gods in the gallery were athirst for four mortal acts, and as midnight tolled last night on the audience which swarmed out of the old temple of the legitimate and thoroughly drama their nerves were braced and the eyes of scores of fair maidens were suffused at the memory of the Bayard-like chivalry and Chrichton-like accomplishments of the HERALD correspondent amid all his vicissitudes by fen, marsh and bayou. The Bowery Theatre last evening was crowded in every possiole crevice from the orchestra to the gallery, where the dusky Ethiopian abides at half

lt was nine o'clock, and the great curtain arose to slow and mournful music from the sumberous musicians who have manfully stood out against the eight-hour strike. The lights burn dimiy in the cabin of old Pop Strong, in the mulatto-peopled village of Scuffletown, in North Carolina. There is a dialogue between the aristocratic slave-holder Barnes and his fellow villam Harris, of siave-driving and slave-lashing proclivities, Old Pop Strong, who seems to be an amicus curice of the Lowery family, hasa ticket for a prize in the Havana lottery. By a fortuitous stroke of villany the venerable Old Pop, who is only brought on the stage to be killed, loses his life and his beloved \$10,000 lottery ticket at the same moment. Instrumental in this deed of be-lood are the high-toned Barnes and the too profane Harris. Miss Rhool Lowery, who is the amalganated affinity of Henry Berry Lowery, chief of the bandits, descends upon the scene and is halled with a rapture of applause by the audience. The cold, damp and unpleasant body of Old Pop Strong is discovered, and Rhody Lowery, unduly exercised thereat, and being under the delusion that she is his daughter, takes a harrowing vow of vengeance. (Tremendous cheering.) Enter Henry Berry Lowery, as hard a looking, teeth-ganshing vihain as ever appeared before a Bowery andience. Another vow of vengeance. Wild applause. Then there is a coroner's inquest, and such a coroner's inquest, as sthis is. Twelve young gentlemen from the Bowery, who act as a North Carolina coroner's inquest as this is. Twelve young gentlemen from the right hands to heaven and swear impressively to the verdict, "Shot by some person or persons unknown", &c. &c., as is the fashion with all coroners' juries. Slow music.

Act second (slow music)—The Lowerys have tilled Rennes by velocities to be a prize of the cardia. It was nine o'clock, and the great curtain arose to

act, as steened (slow music)—The Lowerys have killed Barnes by "blowing a hote in his roof," as they kindly expressed it. They are now in jail, and a Yankee drummer from Boston, an agent for indelible lak, who has no business to neglect his employer's interest for such a purpose, inspired by a feed of baked beans, rescues the Loweries from jail. And now appears, amid the thunders of applause that proceed from an overheated and excited audience, Allen Lowery, father of the band of outlaws, with a make-up half Indian half mulatto. Slow music again. He is set upon by a group of North Carolina constables, among whom is the fiend Harris.

But here is another wild cheer of deep import, as a young gentleman, in splendid clothes, and

But here is another wild cheer of deep import, as a young gentleman, in splendid clothes, and wearing a drab caster hat, descends the steps of the station at Moss Neck, with a rattan in his hand and a hendsome fifteen dollar leathern satchel thrown carlessly over his shoulders. Inspiring and joyous music now. Hurriedly taking in the situation, he runs at the vile constables who have beaten old Allen Lowery badly, and, in the style of the London Prize Ring, he knocks two of the assailants down and kicks five or six others around the stage amid the greatest cheering from the audience. "Who are you?" shout the discomfited ruffiens on the ground. "I am the correspondent of the New York Herald, the most fearless and independent journal in America fearless and independent journal in Americ or the world. I am here to protect innocene and virtue and get the carliest news for the New York Herald." The theatre rose t a man at the gallant correspondent and a halo of glory and enthusiasm surrounded his noble head and fell softly on his handsome features. The

a man at the gallant correspondent and a halo of glory and enthusiasm surrounded his noble head and fell softly on his handsome features. The excitement became more intense among the audience as the correspondent, raising his cast-iron beaver, solemnly pronounced the words "I must tell the truth—the public exact a faithful report." The next scene is really an excellent one and well placed on the stage. We are introduced to the log cabin of the notorious Lowery gang—father, mother and sons, with lots of froilcsome mulatto girls, all being present. Every mother's son of the Lowerys is armed to the teeth. The Herald correspondent, eager for news, visits the cabin while the negro festival is at its height, sour looks and threats greet him, and his life is in danger. "Why don't you shoot?" he says; "I am only one unarmed man among five, but the Herald has no cowards on its staff! Do your worst!" and he folds his arms like Washington at the battle of Brandywine. Slow music and a storm of cheers for the Herald from the audience. The five rifles are cocked and drawn, and Rhody Lowery, moved by a deep, devoted, sisterly affection (although she does not know it) dashes between the ride of her darling and tender kusband and the correspondent of the Herald to the Pocahontas at Yorktown. More cheers and very slow masic. At this moment, as fate and the author had ordered it, the State soldiery dash in, and a flerce fight ensues between the outlaws; the stage is bathed in smoke and red fire, although but a few moments before the entire company were dancing a country jig to the melodious tune of "Pelix Larkin," and a hired negro had just finished "Bubylon is Fallen," The curtain descends, the Herald cart with one hand and taking notes with the other, while he looks with upturned eyes into the depths of the flies, rapturous cheering for the Herald and its correspondent by the entire audience joining in.

HERALD and its correspondent by the entire analence joining in.

In the third act we have a railroad scene in Lumberton, with the outlaws drawn up across the track and their rides pointed like a band of savage Indians, khody, the good angel of the "Swamp Angels," emerges from the brush and slime of the swamp with the HERALD correspondent. The outlaws threaten his life, and seize his details and letters of credit, causing much anguish to the correspondent. He is sentenced to die and tied to a tree. His documents being captured, the outlaws endeavor to read them; buf, alas! the schoolmaster has not sentenced to die and tied to a tree. His docu-ments being captured, the outlaws endeavor to read them; but, alas! the schoolmaster has not been abroad in Scuffletown. And here is shown the triumph of the pen over the rife. They are com-pelled to release the correspondent in order that he may read his credentlais—"I am not afraid to die; the Herrich must get the first news; I wish I had. die; the HERALD must get ws; I wish I had you in Ann news; I wish I had you in Ann street, you cowards—five against one—and I would put a head on you, 'he cries, like Leonidas on the Pass at Thermopyle. The audience now become frantle with enthusiasm, and shout for the HERALD with stentor lungs. The correspondent is saved for the time being. "Heaven has interposed for me; the paper will not be beaten in the news," he adds, and the entire audience join in the heartlelt prayer.

And now we are brought to the third act. Rhody saves the life of the correspondent, who has seized a moment amid all his peril to forward an account to the HERALD. She snatches the poison from his hand, which Tom and Andrew Lowery had given him, and the correspondent, grabbing two revolvers.

Herald. She snatches the poison from his hand, which Tom and Andrew Lowery had given him, and the correspondent, grabbing two revolvers, keeps the villains at bay. "Hi, hi, hi!" shout the audience, and again he is saved to slow music. The correspondent discovers that Rhody Lowery is his sister, and protects her just as Henry Berry Lowery is about to take her life. "What are you doing here? That is my wife!" cries the desperado. The correspondent, like the hero that he is, shouts back in a terrible voice—"Jam here to protect my sister, the noblest work a free American can be engaged in. You threaten extermination. My blood be on your head. The great and powerful journal which I represent—the New York Herald—(cheers)—will not let me die unavenged. You shall get extermination and not one of your band of bloodthirsty villains shall be left to tell the tale when the Herald hears of it. Come to my arms, my darling sister." Cheer after cheer rung through the vast theatre, and men, women and children were visibly affected, and wept at the peril of our correspondent. The soldiers burst in, Harris kills Lowery and Lowery kills Harris with poetical justice, and the curtain falls with a scene at the Herald office, the correspondent, with his sister and her child, receiving the congratulations of the Herald office, the correspondent, with his sister and her child, receiving the congratual tons of the Herald office, the correspondent, with his sister and her child, receiving the congratual tons of the Herald office, the correspondent, with his sister and her child, receiving the congratual tons of the Herald office, the correspondent, with his sister and her child, receiving the congratual tons of the Herald office, the correspondent, with his sister and her child, receiving the congratual and the child, receiving the congratual and the child, receiving the congratual and the child, receiving the congratual the correspondent retires to his home and his salary amid cheers, weeping, slow music and tableaux, the curtain falling

Wood's Museum.

A drama of the strongly sensational order, called The Red Mazeppa; or, the Madman of the Plains, was enacted last evening at this theatre. The prin cipal part-the madman-was performed by Mr Albert W. Aiken, the author of the piece, who claims to be a colloquial actor. If to mouth and to strut about the stage in the most approved stage fashion is to be colloquial, then indeed Mr. Alken is fairly entitled to the appellation. The action of this blood-and-thunder play is supposed to pass in Mexico, and most of the characters are, in conduct as well as in personal appearance, red-dyed villains with an insatiable thirst for blood and a huge expenditure of gunpowder. The plot is too wildly absurd to be amenable to criticism. The madman as depicted by Mr. Aiken is really a strange being, who has nothing like human nature in his composition. The young lover, "Gilbert Vance, surnamed the Mustanger," was represented by Mr. T. W. Keene, who did the best with the character. The chief villain of the drama—a very murderous character—found a poor representative in Mr. T. L. Connor, but in truth deserved no better. Mr. A. H. Sheldon, the only funny man of the piece, relieved the gloom of the surroundings by his amusing mimicry. Besides these characters there were several pompous numbugs, called Indian chiefs, who talked of themselves in the third person. Miss Jennie Carroll, as the heroine, was stiff and stagy and seemed to be constantly straining for effect, Miss Jennie Arnott, in the part of Silver Spear, the Ked Mazeppa, was only intent on appearing pretty. fairly entitled to the appellation. The action o

Terrace Garden. This pleasant little summer resort has been opened for the season under the musical direction of Adolph Neuendorff. The programme of the amusement consists of a vocal and instrumental concert of a high order. For the most part the concert of a high order. For the most part the selections are classical, but seem to be drawn somewhat with a view to attract a large German patronage, though neither the music of Italy nor that of France is ignored. The execution of the orchestra is good, and except in the rendering of the "Last Rose of Summer" they answerd well last night to Mr. Neuendorff's baton, but the way in which this delightful air was given did not reflect much credit on any one concerned. Mine, Louisa Lichtmay and Mr. H. Wiegand sang effectively arias from "Lombardi" and "Lucrezia Borgia." These open air concerts furnish the only rational means of spending the sulry nights. It is a pity that some enterprising manager does not also start a summer theatre on the same model.

AGASSIZ'S EXPEDITION

Enthusiastic Reception of the Distinguished Savant in Chile and Peru.

SANTIAGO WILD WITH DELIGHT.

The Professor's Success Demonstrated in Lima.

THE HASSLER A FLOATING MUSEUM.

Hospitable Invitations and Honors in Profusion Tendered by Peruvians.

VALPARAISO, Chile, May 14, 1872. The United States Coast Survey steamer Hassler sailed from this port for Callao and Panama yesterday morning, having on board Professor and Mrs. Agassiz and ex-President Hill, of Harvard College. The coming of this distinguished savant has been looked forward to with great expectation, and his reception by the authorities and the people has been in the highest degree flattering. He will carry away from Chile not only many specimens in natu ral history hitherto unclassified and undescribed, but also remembrances of hearty appreciation and admiration. The Professor left the Hassler in Talcahuano and came by land through the great Chile Valley to Santiago, crossing in his way all the rivers which flow from the Cordilleras to the sea, from nearly all of which he obtained new species

from nearly all of which he obtained new species or varieties of fish. While he Santiago he was the recipient of attentions from all the leading men in political and scientific circles. A public reception was tendered him by the Intendente of Santiago, which, on account of the state of his health, he was compelled to decline.

His stay in Santiago was rendered more pleasant from the fact that the Rector of the University and one of the professors (Professor Domeyki and Professor Phillippi) were college mates in Paris forty years ago. Dr. Domeyki gave to Professor Agassiz duplicates of his entire collection of fossils, by far the most complete and galuable in South America, and which he has been thirty-five years in collecting, so that the museum of ProfessorAgassiz will have the most complete collection of South American fossils ever made.

Grand Reception of Professor Agassiz at Lima-Visit of a Herald Correspondent to the Hassler-The Professor's Work-His Estimation of the Expedition and

On the 2d inst. the United States surveying steamer Hassler anchored in the bay of Callao. On board are a party of distinguished savans, presided over by Professor Louis Agassiz. This is now the sensation of the hour. Your correspondent, although he considered himself well acquainted with Peruvian character, must express his astonishment at the enthusiasm and admiration manifested towards the distinguished guest. The leading newspapers are eloquent in his praise. Many of the most prominent men of Lima have signified a desire to do him honor; but the retired habits of the Professor and his vast labors render it impossible for him to respond to these marks of distinction. The Hassler has the honor of his society, and his admirers on shore are fearful of disturbing his privacy. Nevertheless, some of the more determined ventured to visit him-among them your correspondent-and the gentle, genial manners of the Professor inspired as much regard

as the reverence excited by his profound attainments. THE EXPEDITION A SUCCESS. In the course of conversation Dr. Agassiz remarked that the results of the voyage so far had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The various and valuable specimens he had succeeded in collecting would, he was confident, form a museum of which the country might be proud; and the different observations—geologic, geographic and in other particulars—which he had made, would prove to be of more than general interest. In a word, the Professor congratulates himself with the idea that the experiment is a success. When we take into consideration the well known modesty of the man our own impressions concerning the benefits to be derived from the labors he has so valiantly undertaken cannot be exagerated. The Hassler is a study of herself. Accustomed to the grim severity of the ships bearing the American flag that honor the waters of Peru, the appearance of her decks cause the most extreme astonishment and surprise. collecting would, be was confident, form a museum

decks cause the most extreme astonishment and surprise.

THE PROFESSOR'S SPECIMENS AND INSTRUMENTS.
Great packing cases, containing specimens of almost everything that files, walks or swims in their latitudes are piled up together amidships. Aft an intelligent-looking man was discovered in a most extraordinary position. Seated on a camp stool, with a color-box before him, a live fish in one hand, and a camels' hair pencil in the other, this individual was busily engaged in depicting the fading hies of the peicrey on paper before consigning the unfortunate animal to the spirit bottle. A complete photographic apparatus stood close by, ready for use on the appearance of any peculiar phenomenon or striking lanscape; quantities of scientific works and unheard of instruments, the use of which your correspondent was diffident to inquire, covered the hatches; coils upon coils of sounding lines littered the decks, and even the faces of the scanty crew seemed to possess a degree of wisdom seldom found in men of their class. The example was certainly contagious. It appeared that Captain Wragge, with his manufactured science, would have been a valuable companion for your correspondent. As it was, he was obliged to listen and regard with wonder and companion for your correspondent. As it was, he was obliged to listen and regard with wonder and admiration. Descending into the cosey little cabin, the Professor looked up cordially from his writing and welcomed his visitors with such grace that the feelings excited by the appearance of the deck were

speedily removed.

Mr. Agassiz was especially emphatic when speak.

speedily removed.

Mr. Agassiz was especially emphatic when speaking of the invaluable assistance afforded him by his associate laborers. Indeed, he went so far as to remark that the object of the expedition would be as perfectly accomplished by them even without his co-operation.

CORDIAL HOSPITALITIES OFFERED

Mr. Henry Meiggs, whose hospitality is proverbial, on learning of the Professor's arrival, seet a special messenger on board begging Agassiz and his estimable lady to visit him. The Professor consented to accept the offer, but for an unfortunately short period, as the Hassler will probably leave for Panama about the 1st of June.

The only point upon which Mr. Agassiz appeared disappointed was concerning the vessel itself. He complained that she had deceived them on several occasions, and that her sea-going qualities were not of that nature calculated to aid him greatly in his efforts. But, at the same time, the excellent officers on board, by their good judgment, had, in a measure, neutralized this defect. As a specimen of the spirit of the public press I subjoin a translation from La Patria, one of the leading journals of this city. It says:

PRESS COMMENTS ON AGASSIZ.

A really great man has arrived at our shores—a revolutionist in selence, a wonder ul naturalist; born a Swiss.

of the leading journals of this city. It says:—

PRESS COMMENTS ON AGASSIZ.

A really great man has arrived at our shores—a revolutionist in science, a wonder all naturalist; born a Swiss, an American by adoption, he may be considered a republican trinity, from his native and chosen country, and the services which his life and labors have oftered to the triumph of universal wisdom, as well in the establishment of scientific principles as in their relation to the dissemination of religious belief. Agassiz réached our harbor yesterday, in the United States vessel Hassler, bringing with him the Scientific Commission appointed by the United States government, and of which Count Pourtales is also a distinguished member. To fully comprehend the position and name of Agassiz it is enough to remember that he columbus of the scientific universe. No guns sainte this illustrious man, this apostic and ibderlagiable laborer towards universal civilization, but the press, the mouth-piece of the people he strives so nobly to benefit, has the honor to bid him welcome to our country.

This is but a faint specimen of the enthusiasm of the Peruvian journals toward the distinguished guest. It is satisfactory to remark that, even while dreaming of gunpowder, time can be found to express such laudable admiration. It is another proof of the advancement which Peru is making.

In political circles nothing of moment has ocurred since the date of my last despatch. The situation is unchanged, and peace reigns supreme.

A GENUINE RAILROAD WAR.

KINGSTON, N. Y., June 17, 1872. An exciting ratiroad war has been carried on at Rosendale, nine miles from this city, for several days. The Walkill Valley Railroad Company commenced laying tracks through the property of F. O. Norton, a cement manufacturer, alleging that permission had been previously given. This Norton denied, and obtained an injunction restraining the company from proceeding. This injunction was set aside and one granted to the company restraining Norton from interfering with the work. To-day the writ was served and the superintendent of the company, F. J. Hecker, with fifty men, began laying the track, when he was arrested for trespass by Norton. He was brought before a justice and his trial adjourned until to-morrow. Thomas Cornell, the president of the company arrived in the meantime, and the hom were kept at work and will construct the road to this city. It is expected to reach here in thirty days. The strife has aroused much feeling on both sides. pany commenced laying tracks through the